- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

The Gally Feud.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

RUCE FARRADAY had been away from home for so long that he had actually underestimated manners and customs of Halsey Gap, not forgotten them, but merely underestimated their vital importance if one would remain an inhabitant of the Gap in peace and security with one's neighbors.

He had been home from Rudemeir College about four days. The family had given him to understand that they expected all things of him and especially that he should run for representative the next autumn. There had been a Farraday in the State Legislature from the Gap section ever since West Virginia had walked her own path in statehood. Since the death of Bruce's father fifteen years before, the Gally family had controll-ed the seat. Bart Gally had gone up for two terms and Wallace had fol lowed in his footsteps. Small wonder that every member of the Farraday family had waited with bated breath. so to speak, and postponed hopes of the day of Bruce's return as head of the family

He rode down the mountain road to the little village after mail, loving every foot of the way. It had been years since he had walked that road to school. When he came to the old familiar crossroads, with its cairn of rock supporting an old sign past he draw rein post, he drew rein.

The whole valley lay below him

with the wondrous beauty of spring-time encircling it, with the lifting crests of the mountains veiled in early morning mists. Back in the woods, a bird called to its nesting Bruce glanced up the other Many a time he had loltered waiting for Nance Gally to come along on her way to school. What had they cared for feuds in those days! She was 6, he barely 10. Resting now in his saidle, while the Captain cropped the sweet clover and sorrel by the roadside, he remem-bered the day of their great quarrel. He had called her redhead on the way home from school, because she had walked with her cousin Wallace instead of him. There had been a fight and Wallace, a strapping, black-browed youth of 15, had beaten him effore her eyes. He had risen from he road, dirty and bleeding, and had hrown out his challenge to the fu-ture. Oddly enough, now, Wallace was his opponent in politics.

The sound of horses hoofs cantering along the old timber road, roused along the old timber road, roused sentment.

"I reckon you can keep your combined by the rode her sorrel mare like a boy, her short curls ying in the morning breeze. As she rode, she was singting Dixle at the top of her lungs, until she caught sight of the silent horseman, and stopped short.

Bruce raised his cap in neighborly greeting, noting approvingly the vivid that he gave Matt. Crawford local

Good morning Miss Nance," he

an in his arms are very apt to be two

'My dear girl, I can't even define

irresistible of emotions, and yet if you were to a 't all the men and women

you know to tell you their definitions of love, you would have as many an-

swers as there were poeple, each more

"Yes, my dear, I think the man has

a kind of selfish love for the woman. She made him comfortable, some-thing no one had ever tried to do be-

fore. It is such a relief to be able to sit back and be entertained, to know that someone is looking out for your comfort instead of always seeking comfort from you."

"Dick, you are getting to be quite analytical," I said, "and it rather

makes me laugh to hear you, you who have always intimated that I would be much happier if I would take

oe much happier if I would take things as they come and not worry and try to analyze them."

"My dear," said Dick, "it is easy to analyze the other fellow who is strange to you. It only makes you unhappy when you analyze your friends and yourself.

"But we have left that man long enough with his hand classing the

enough with his hand clasping the woman's across the restraunt table and everything black before his eyes because Quito with its moonlight nights and its warmth and flowers has been blotted out by the little word inc' from the woman's lips. Let us hear what comes next."

"Well, the woman spoke, the letter continues. "Boy, boy, you do not know what you are asking, not of me but of yourself. With your love of people, no other person, not even I

inadequate than the other.

:-: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"Goodness," said Dick, "the man is who rest you, would be able to keep

getting to an interesting place in his you content for long. career, Margie. I can tell his that when a man falls in love with a wom-

"In his leart, my dear, in his heart. I think I have told you before that the woman in a man's heart and the woman in his arms are very apt to be two

inadequate than the other.

"Love is one of the things you can't put into words, my dear. You can always tell, however, if you are in love, but I don't believe anyone can dearly believe anyone can dearly and provided."

"Love is one of the things you there is anyone or any love that is worth all the world beside. If you can convince me that you are willing to give up for me and my love, I'll go the diverse provided."

LITTLE MISS IN SILK AND SERGE



BY BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13 .- The school girl's dress is always an autumn problem for mother and the girl too, as the little miss usually and rightly insists on something pretty and in good style while mother rightly in-sists on dark colors and durability.

in this frock we have the ideal combination of beauty and utility, an attractive minging of silk for beauty and serge for usefulness. The skirt, collar and upper sleeves are of the silk in soft, bright colors, and the ever-dependable serge from the deep hem, the deep cuff, and the smart lit-tle jacket.

waiting here for you. You're looking mighty well."
She tossed her head in quick re-

sentment

greeting, noting approvingly the vivid that he gave Matt Crawford local beauty of her young face and spark-boss of the Democratic caucus, permission to use his name for nomina-tion at the coming elections. "You've got to step lively and look

feel that you need a woman who can

heart.
"And then she said, 'No, I cannot

go with you, dear, because we must wait and see if I mean more to you

than all the world beside. To tell you the truth, dear heart, I do not know if there is anyone or any love that is worth all the world beside. If you

her great sane brain and big

gladly and proudly'.'

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for— SHAKER OMELET.

Yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of water, three tablespoons of

Place in a bowl and beat well to mix. Now carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Pour into hot frying pan and bake in a hot oven until set and slightly brown. Roll and serve on a hot platter.

Melt three tablespoons of shortening in the frying pan before turning

both ways at once," said sister Belle, when the campaign was in full swing, "but, goodness, Bruce, it does seem splendid to have a Farraday fighting for his own again. If you let that snake Wallace Gally win, I'll never speak to you again. Nance is holding her head so high, her neck's stiff. I heard it said down in the village that she'd promised Wallace she'd marry him, if he beat you election

Bruce looked at her oddly. "I don't see what she's got against e," he said.

Belle laughed, shortly. 'You don't? Well, you're a Farra-

stuck to her. She'll never forgive you for either one."

"You know it seems so queer," Bruce said, "to come back here and find all these foolish backwords notions holding the people like laws. Of course, I want to win the election, but I haven't anything special against Wallace, except that he did me up once in a boy fight, and I would like a few fair rounds with him sometime air. It is outte as necessary to bathe

means," Belle returned. "There are only 234 votes in the section, and nearly every able-bodied man in the

The next day there was a conference between Bruce and Matt Crawford. Briefly Brace outlined his plan of action. On the Farraday property protect you from a pneumonia. Cold there was a large old mica mine, un worked since the death of his father. Ever since his arrival he had secret

Ly been probing its possibilities, and felt fairly sure of his ground.

"Matt." he said, "I know a chap with capital, who went to Rudemier with me. He'll back the old mica mines when I say so. Let's open them now, and hire all the available men. Get them on chays a series of the same of the sa men. Get them on one-year contracts with option of renewal." Matt grinned appreciatively.

"I think I'm looking at ou next presentative," he said.

The mine was a success. Boys and men from all districts through the valley and mountains flocked to work lace take the stump, and teil them it was only a political subterfuge that would not last. The old mine was turning out results, and they knew their contracts were safe.

Election day told the story. When the votes were counted in the little room back of the postoffice, old Judge Pinkus stroked his Vandyke

"I reckon you're beaten, Wally,' he remarked through the little glass grating at the stamp window. Nance heard the words, too, as she stood and for all, Margle."

Now, look here, Dick," I said.
"You cannot sit here and tell me that no matter how many affairs a man has in his life he holds to one woman"
"In his leart, my dear, in his heart.
I think I have told you to make new friends and new ties."

"That is just it to do in this oath, her cousin rushed past her out into the little square where men were cheering for a Ferraday. Blind with fury, he shot out his fist at Bruce, but it is easy to make new friends and new ties."

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arms as she saw the finish from the window. But oddly enough she was not crying. It was only to hide from the curious the look of joy on her face. She was glad, glad that Bruce had won. He had leaped to the old oak stump and his voice reached her

an in his arms are very apt to be two different people."

"I guess that is true of your sex, Dick, and the story I have been reading to you bears out your theory. Would you say, Dick, that this man was in love with this woman he has asked to the story of the work of the "Fellow-citizens of the Gap, this i you say. Dick, that this man was in you do—many people mean very love with this woman he has asked to go to Quito and would you say also that he was or had ever been in love I think I might be tempted if I did not I think I might be tempted if I the end of the Gally feud. Right here Wallace and I have settled old here Wallace and I have settled vou. it's scores, and I want to tell you, it's time the Gap joined the march of progress and buried the feud forever do more than merely rest you.'

"I hastened to interrupt her, Mrs.

whom it comes ard goes. It is the most intangible as well as the most has bright as the most had bright as the most You shake hands with me, Gally, if you don't I'll beat you up until you do, for we're going to be friends from this day on."

Wonderingly the Gap beheld the two shake hands as Bruce left the stump. A minute more, and he was beside Nance, where she stood apart from the others.

"Can I help you on your horse?"
he asked. "I'm going to see you

Nance lifted her tear-wet face to his, capitulation in her eyes. "I'm mighty glad you won, Bruce," was all she said.

HEALTH HINTS

Don't let your bedroom windows

with snuffles and sneezing. plenty of cool, fresh, bracing air-fight winter with its own weapons.

It may be your daily business com-mands your presence in stuffy, overheated offices where the regulation of the temperature is not within your inday for one thing, and for another dividual control. It may be that your you called her redhead, and the name fellow workers or employers are not wise enough to appreciate the value from a business standpoint of good ven tilation in the workroom. If it is your

a few fair rounds with him sometime air. It is quite as necessary to bathe on the quiet." "You'll never beat him by fair passing through the lungs as to bathe your body with clean water.
Sleeping with windows open the

lot depends on work through the win-ter up in the Gally lumber camps. If they don't vote for a Gally, they lose their chance."

Dedictones. Nature intended us to bedelothes. Nature intended us to heve fresh air to breathe both day and night. If you have any lingering mem-ories of the old wives' tale that night air is injurious put it aside. This, like many another old raying has no foun-dation in fact.

itself is not a factor in the disease. In the Arctic regions the germ does not exist in the pure frigid atmosphere. In the Arctic regions the germ does not exist in the pure frigid atmosphere. This points directly to one means of touch of sumptuousness.

The braiding appears again on the parrow underskirt which peeps where it is forbidden.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED. F. P.: "Which is better, a clear or frosted bulb to supply light at one's desk?"

Frosted ones are far better than clear bulbs. The eyes unconsciously instead of remaining idle through the direct themselves toward glaring light summer and autumn, waiting for the Gally mills to open. In vain did Wallers the the strain

warts on my fingers?' Warts can be removed by "freezing' r by the electric needle or by the use nitric acid in the hands of a person

H. G.: "What is psoriasis and can it be cured? Am told I will always

obstinate type. It can be cured by skillful treatment long continued. F. F.: "Have the supposed powers of diphtheria antitoxin been established by medical science?"

Yes. It is not only a curative agent but it is also a preventative of diph-

burg but no real clue developed.

drop with the mercury.

People who let the window openings narrow down to an inch or two as the winter season sets in soon are seized

year around is a matter of habit and bedclothes. Nature intended us to ories of the old wives' tale that night air is injurious but the side. This illustration is a proper ories of the old wives' tale that night air is injurious but the side. This illustration is a proper orientation of the old with the suggests the ever-popular jersey, with its close-fitting bodies.

considerable strain
Miss A. K. asks: "How can I get rid

killed in its use.

have it."
Psoriasis is a skin disease of

GRAFTON, W. Va., Oct. 15.—Dr.
Dr. Suddarth's auto was storen in front of his home. The thieves were trailed to Philippi and then to Clarksburg but no real clue developed.

Stiffnes.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickets, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience.

WINTER COSTUME



NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Here is a winter costume to delight the eye, with its rich, effective simplicity. Its and the new tight sleeve. The gown lavish braiding is done in silver soutache

The velvet of the bodice is almost

where it is forbidden.

Work and sleep with the windows pen and you will not be windows because the following is also used. Work and sleep with the windows open and you will not have to worry about colds.

velvet. The braiding is also used on the modified pouch pockets, where the design is more distinct than that on the braiding is also used on the modified pouch pockets. on the bodice.

FIRST DOSE "PAPE'S COLD COM-POUND" RELIEVES ALL GRIP MISERY.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling* A dose f "Pape's Cold Compound" taken ev ery two hours until three doeses ar taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs. It promptly opens clogged-up nos

trils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness sore throat, sneezing, soreness and

accept a substitute.

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-It is not by mere accident that we do such a tremendous suit business.

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\$15 to \$100

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

morning at the home of his parents at 1043 Virginia avenue, after a brief illness. The body was interred this afternoon in the Joetown cemetery near Mannington by Undertaker Musgrave

CURFEW AT HINTON.

HINTON, W. Va., Oct. 15.—Curfew low rings at 7:45 p. m. All children under 15 must be off the streets un less accompanied by their parents.

She Used to be Gray

The well-known society leaders' hair was gray, just like yours. But Mrs. B — heard of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—how thousands had proved that Q-ban would bring a nat-ural, soft, even, dark shade to gray r faded hair and make it soft, fluffy ind beautiful. Q-ban is all ready to use—a liquid, guaranteed harmless, 75c a large bottle—money back if not satisfied. Sold by Martin's drug store and all good drug stores. Try Q-ban Hair Tonic; Liquid Shampoo; Soap.



Charles Lee, the infant son of Mr. 80 YEARS OLD, BATHED INTERNALLY FOR 20 YEARS

Mrs. D. C. Newcomb writes Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell of New York as fob

"My next birthday is July 13th-80 years old. Have used Tyrrell's 'J. B. L. Cascade' for more than 20 years. Best and only remedy that brings relief without the use of drugs. My experience proved that it always re-

experience proved that it always relieves. No danger from it. My aliments were principally Uric Acid,
Biliousness, Costiveness, etc."

This is by no means an exceptional letter for Dr. Tyrrell to receive, as
there are now over half a million
Americans using Dr. Tyrrell's "J. B.
L. Cascade" with like results.

By the scientific use of Network

By the scientific use of Nature's cleanser—warm water—it eliminates all poisonous waste from the lower intestine and gives Nature a chance to work unhampered.

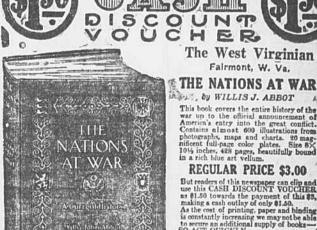
You will be astonished at the dif-ference i nyour feelings the morning

atter an internal bath.

The "J. B. L. Cascade" will be shown and explained to you by Fairmont Pharmacy Company, who will also give you tree on request an interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. teresting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent Efficient."

Get this booklet and know just why Internal Bathing is so effective in the promotion of better health.





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